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Roy Rogers

COMICS





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ROY ROGERS

and

THE SPOOKS OF HOWLING MESA



DEER IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE BIG BEND, ROY WATCHES A STORM ROLL UP.



WE'D BETTER MAKE DRY CAMP FOR TONIGHT TRIGGER. THIS LOOKS GOOD.



HERE IT COMES... MAN! HEAR THAT WIND HOWL!



ON THE MESA'S TOP A THUNDER OF HOOPS BLENDS WITH THE THUNDER IN THE SKY.



COWS! STAMPEDED RIGHT OVER THE RIM!











THEY'VE MADE THIS
MESA USELESS FOR
TWO YEARS... BUT I WAS
DESPERATE FOR GRASS
TO FEED MY COWS,
AND I TOOK A CHANCE.



YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED
BOY... DO YOU THINK ANY
OF OUR CATTLE ESCAPED?



I THINK MOST OF
THEM DID. THE
TAJUS SLOPE
BROKE THE FORCE
OF THEIR FALL...
WE'LL KNOW FOR
SURE IN THE
MORNING.



AND BEFORE I'M THROUGH
I'M SURE GOING TO LEARN
WHAT THESE SPOOKS OF
HOWLING MESA ARE
MADE OF.



YOU LOST ABOUT
TEN PERCENT OF
YOUR HERD, BESS.



IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN
WORSE... BUT WHAT
BREAKS MY HEART IS
DAD...

WE'LL HAVE TO BRING HIM A
DOCTOR... AND A WAGON TO
CARRY HIM HOME.

THERE'S A
LIGHT SPRING
WAGON AT THE
RANCH.







WIN IS RIGHT! THERE'S NO
SENSE IN TAKING NEEDLESS
RISKS. WAIT HERE
FOR ME AND
DE BEET
BEEB...

AND LEAVE
DAD TO FACE
THE RISKS...IF
THERE ARE ANY.
ALONE I'NOT ON
YOUR TINTYPE
COWBOY!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT US BOY.
JUST BRING DE BEET FROM
PINE GULCH AS FAST AS
YOU CAN.

TRIGGER AND I
WILL DO OUR
BEST.



IT'S TWENTY MILES TO PINE GULCH
TRIGGER BOY, AND THIRTY MORE
BACK TO HOWLING MESA BUT
YOU CAN TAKE IT.



AT AN HOUR PAST NOON
BOY COMES IN SIGHT OF
THE ONE-STREET TOWN.



HERE'S THE DOGS
SHINGLE! SURE WERE WE!
AT HOME.



A COWBOY IN A
HURRY! MY FIRST
CALLER TODAY...







THEY'RE GONE!
HERE'S WHERE WE
LEFT WOBURN
BUT...



ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE
PLACE, ROGERS? THERE
ISN'T A TRACE
OF A TRACK!

I'M SURE
DOC - THE
DEAD COWS
ARE STILL
HERE.



HERE'S THE PRINT OF A
BUCKAROO BOOTHEEL! SOMEBODY
BOUGHED OUT THE OTHER TRACKS
WITH HIS HAT... BUT
OVERLOOKED THIS



YOU MEAN... BESS AND
HER DAD AND WUN
LONG HOP HAVE
BEEN... CAPTURED!

OR
WORSE!



WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
EVERY MINUTE WE LOSE IN
CUTTING THEIR GUN IS A CRIME



WE'LL CIRCLE THE MESA,
DOC - YOU RIDE LOWER DOWN...
I'LL TAKE THE TOP
OF THE SLOPE.

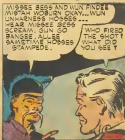
OKAY,
ROGERS.















AS BOY'S ROPE FLOPS OUT, THE
MOON SLIPS BEHIND ANOTHER CLOUD.



I'VE CAUGHT --
SOMETHING! HERE
IT COMES----



IT'S A BAT.
ALL RIGHT!...



...MADE OF PAPER...WITH BRETT'S
BULLET HOLES THROUGH IT!



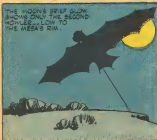
CRACK!

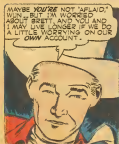
ZING!



THAT WAS A
RIFLE SHOT!









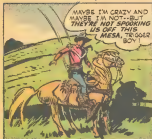
ABRUPTLY THE MESA ECHOES
TO A BURST OF RIFLE SHOTS.











HE GONE---ALLEE SAMEE
DOCTAH BLETT MISSEE
SEES, MUSTAH WOBLIN...



WIN LONG HOP KEEP ON
WALLEE, KEEP ON LOCKEE,
WESSEE WIND UP ALLEE
SAMEE PLACE WITH OTHAHS



EYOW! SPOOKEE!

WELL THERE'S
ANOTHER!



MINNASTAH LOGERS! YOU
ALLEE SAMEE SPOOKEE
NOW?

WIN LONG HOP--
BLESS YOUR HIDE!
DONT YOU DARE--
RUN OUT ON
ME NOW.



NOPE---I'M
NO SPOOK
AT LEAST
NOT YET!
I'M IN A
CAVE DOWN
UNDER THIS
MESA...



GET BACK
TO TRIGGER
AND TAKE THE
TWO CANDLES
OUT OF MY
SADDLE POCKET.
THEN LOOK
OVER THE RIM
AND YOU'LL
SEE ME.

OKAY--CAN DO
MISTAH, LOGERS







HERE'S WHERE
I WAS WHEN I
HEARD YOU YELL
"SPOOKEE!"

HUH? THIS WHERE
BUSHWACKERS LIVED?



THREE OF 'EM WUN.
THE OTHER ONE IS
STILL ON THE LOOSE.

WHAT THEY DO HEAR-
FLY KITEE, MAKEE
HOWLEE SHOOTEE
EVELYBODY?



I'LL ASK YOU
ANOTHER - WHAT
WOULD THEY BE
DOING WITH THREE
PAIRS OF
HIP BOOTS?



PREHEE!
WHAT THE
SWEELLEE?

LOOKS LIKE
AN OLD
HIDE --



"LET ME SEE THAT!
YEAH... IT SURE EXPLAINS
THE SMELL THAT HELPED
STAMPEDE THE HORSES
- AND COWS."



THEY WRAPPED LIVE
COALS IN IT! THE SMELL
OF BURNING CATHIDE
WOULD BE TOO MUCH
FOR ANYTHING ON
FOUR FEET.







LIKE THE CHARGE OF A
RANGE, BULL TABIR'S RUSH
IS TERRIBLE.



BUT BULL'S WEIGHT IS NO MATCH
FOR BOM'S FIGHTING SKILL.



YUH BLASTED JUMPIN' JACK,
I'LL BREAK YOU IN TWO!



YOU AND WHO
ELSE, TABIRS!

UGH!



WATCH OUT, ROGERS!
HE'S GOT A HIDE-
OUT GUN---





SHOT HIMSELF--DEAD--
WHEN THE SHELF
FELL ON HIM!



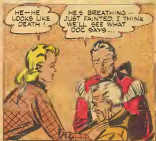
HOW LONG HAVE
YOU BEEN HANGING
HERE?

I--I DON'T KNOW!
IT'S BEEN HOURS--
EVER SINCE MONK
AND CACTUS
LEFT...



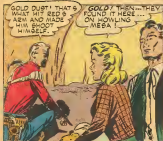
THOSE WRISTS LOOK
BAD! THE ROPE
CUT THEM--

DON'T
MIND ME--GET
DAD DOWN, QUICK!
RED TABERS
TORTURED HIM.



HE--HE
LOOKS LIKE
DEATH!

HE'S BREATHING--
JUST FAINTED, I THINK.
WE'LL SEE WHAT
DOC SAYS...





MY BACK'S
ALL RIGHT NOW.
UNWELL... SAY 'THIS
IS GOLD'!

BUT DAD... ARE
YOU SURE...
SURE THERE'S
NO PAIN?



IS HE OUT
OF HIS HEAD
DOC?

NO.. WHEN HE
FANITED, HIS LIMP
WEIGHT MUST HAVE
PULLED THE BONES
BACK INTO PLACE.



HERE'S TWO MORE
SACKS OF IT! THE
DOGGONE CROOKS
MUST HAVE
STRUCK IT AWAY,
BUT WHERE?

I RECKON I
CAN GUESS THAT
ANDWER.



WUN LONG HOP AND I
FOUND THREE PAIRS OF
RUBBER BOOTS IN THE
OUTSIDE CAVE. THERE'S
ONLY ONE PLACE THEY'D
BE NEEDED....



... PANNING THIS
GOLD OUT OF THE
SPRING ON TOP OF
THE MESA.

THAT'S IT! THAT'S
WHY THEY TRIED TO
RUN EVERYBODY OFF
TO KEEP THEIR
SECRET.























